

THAT BOX.

"Jack," said Lady Bargemont, "I do verily believe that you are really fond of me now."

"Of course I am fond of you, Hetty," said Jack, "but I don't think you would be so kind as to think why the peer married the person's daughter. Jack, why did you marry me—me of all people in the world? Tell me, dear, why did King Cophetua wed the beggar maid?"

"It's a funny thing, Hetty," said his lordship, with a smile of affection, "that blue-eyed wife of mine, hankering after the blue of the blue and, as the advertisement says, won't be happy till she gets it."

"I'll tell you why I married you, little Hetty. I married you as a duty, dear, because I was a proud and miserable man, homeless and childless, the last of my line. I didn't want the Bargemont title to die out, and I married you, Hetty, because you were the prettiest, wholesomest, healthiest and honestest little maid I had clapped my eyes upon, and because there was no nonsense and nothing morbid about you."

"I wasn't in love with you, Hetty, when I married you. I don't mind confessing that I did it as a duty, but I have learned to love you. You've healed my wounds, and—well, you're Casterion's mother. And you agreed to marry me out of pity. I know you did."

"But I was in love with you all the same, for pity, you know, is akin to love, and I know you do love me, Jack, and I love you, and it's because you do love me that you're so clever, accomplished and ambitious, well born and well bred, an only daughter, ready to do her duty and sell herself to the highest bidder."

"She was a magnificent animal. I don't believe she had a heart, but her imperial beauty attracted me. She was the cynosure of every eye. I proposed to Lady Blanche Middleton, she accepted, and we were married."

"For a month I was happy—happy as a child in the possession of a new and expensive toy—then I discovered that my handsome wife did not love me. But she gave me no cause for jealousy, though I became very anxious on her account."

"I grew more morose and melancholy, strange in her manner and more inclined to solitude. Her appetite failed, and her beauty faded before my eyes."

"One day I came into her boudoir suddenly. She was sitting with a mahogany brass bound box open on the table before her. When she saw me, she closed the box and locked it with a key which she wore upon her watch chain."

"My curiosity was aroused. 'What on earth have you in that box, Blanche?' I said."

"She laid her hand upon it jealously, and with an angry look in her magnificent eyes—'which, though we were not a year married, had already grown dull and lack lustre'—she said: 'I hate impudent curiosity in a man, Bargemont. This little box is where I keep my secrets—the secrets I prize best in all the world,' she added."

"And you won't let me see the contents?" I said.

"I rather die first," said my wife. "I turned on my heel and left the room, for I could not trust myself."

"From that day we quarreled. I distained to seek further explanation from a woman who denied me her confidence."

"Several months went by, and Lady Bargemont's conduct became more and more eccentric. It attracted the attention of the neighbors and the servants. The neighbors said that Lord Bargemont's wife was going mad."

"One day my wife's maid rushed into my room, her eyes nearly starting from her head with horror. 'My lord,' she cried, 'I can't get into Lady Bargemont's room; she doesn't answer me. I don't know what to think.'"

"I and the maid hurried to my wife's room. We hammered at the door for admission."

"Then I burst the door open, and a dreadful sight met my eyes."

"There lay my wife, fully dressed upon the bed. Her eyes were closed as though in sleep, but when I looked into her face and saw what I saw there I knew that she was dead."

"Her hand grasped a strange looking instrument of bamboo mounted in silver, on one end of which was a curious looking piece of wood. Upon the little table at the bedside lay the brass box wide open, a portable spirit lamp which was still burning and what appeared to be a traveling inkstand open."

"My wife was an opium smoker. She learned the habit from a friend as a cure for neurasthenia, to which she was subject. These little boxes, which contain the dainty apparatus for the carrying out of the hideous eastern vice, are still sold with impunity in London."

"Those who know of the hideous thing say nothing, and when the victims die by ruining their constitutions, or as in my wretched wife's case, by an overdose of the accursed thing, sometimes there is an inquest and a verdict of death by misadventure, as in her case."

"And now you know all about it, Hetty, and why it was that when you married me you found me a miserable man. There's nothing morbid about you, little woman, anyhow."

"And then the door was flung wide open, and a blue-eyed boy, some 3 years of age, rushed into the room. The child was a picture of health and strength and happiness."

It used to be an amusement and also a duty to me to try and show the animals to native gentlemen when they came from their country seats to visit Calcutta, and I invariably invited them to come with me to see the zoo."

"I think that the giraffes puzzled them most. One fine old Hindoo nobleman, with whom I have many a time been out tiger shooting on his own property, suggested that the giraffe was a new sort of tiger, but he was comforted and convinced when he saw them eat the branch of a tree from my hand. I wish that he could have been present to witness a performance of the pair of giraffes, which I did not see myself, though fortunately Lord William Bessborough saw it and told me of it."

On the morning of the queen's birthday Bessborough was riding past the giraffe enclosure when a few days were fired by the soldiers of a native infantry regiment, whose quarters are not far from the zoo."

At the first round of the firing the giraffes were startled. When the second round came, they took to their heels and jumped clean over the fence of upright gurney or wattle sticks, about 10 feet high, that surrounded their enclosure."

When the third round came, the giraffes were so puzzled that they turned round and popped over the fence again and sought refuge in the house in which they were lodged at night. It is a great pity that a sportsman and rider like Lord William Bessborough, who saw this strange sight, had not a mount on one of the giraffes.—Longman's Magazine.

How to Put Up a Clothesline. A simple contrivance, designed to save a great deal of washing day work, can be put in place very easily. It consists of a little house on wheels, 15 inches long, fastened stoutly all along one side against the outer wall of a building, or perhaps against a fence, though one objection to the latter is that the line when stretched and hung with wet clothes would pull upon the fence and perhaps cause it to sag in time. At part of the other or outer side of the little clothesline shelter is made in a sort of door, opening on hinges, which lets down, disclosing the barrel on which the clothesline is wound. To this, at one end, a crank handle is attached with a ratchet wheel. In putting up the line, one end of which is tied to the barrel, the other end is wound round each pole until all is in the position wanted. Slip the loop in the end over the last pole, then go back to the box, turn the crank until all the line is straight and taut, then faster by means of the ratchet so that it cannot unwind. This prevents "sagging" afterwards. When the clothes have been taken off the line, wind it up and shut up the side opening to protect the rope from rain, dampness and mildew.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nothing New in It. I spent half the afternoon the other day," said Mrs. Billings, "trying to match a woolen dress of my daughter's in silk, and the nearest I could come to it was at least two shades, too dark, but that didn't disturb my daughter at all. She simply spread it out next day in the sun and faded it to a perfect match. She was inclined to take great credit to herself for this, for she thought it was an original idea, as she had never seen her mother do it. I told her that it was very old; that I had myself done the same thing with a faded gingham dress, for instance, for which I desired to make a new waist or a new pair of sleeves; that I had taken a new piece of the same material and washed it and hung it out in the sun, and had repeated this process until the new material was faded to match the old; that in fact this is one of those discoveries that people simply keep on making over and over again."—New York Sun.

THE QUESTION is a simple one—easily decided by reason and common sense.

COTTOLINE is the new scientifically prepared shortening—is made from pure beef suet, and highly refined vegetable oil. Lard is made, in the majority of cases, in the packing-house, and not as of old, from the pure lard of the hog. Which is likely to be the most healthful? Decide for yourself. It must be

COTTOLINE

Send three cents in stamps to W. K. Fairbank & Co., Chicago, for three little boxes, each containing six hundred sticks, prepared by this eminent authority on cooking.

Cottoline is sold by all grocers. Refuse all substitutes.

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WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO. HOTEL - BANOROFF

DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS COLDS AND CROUP.

Grandmother's Advice

DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS COLDS AND CROUP.

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BALD HEADS!

What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

Is what you need. Its production is not an accident, but the result of scientific research. A knowledge of the structure of the hair and scalp led to the discovery of how to treat them. "Skookum" contains neither minerals nor oils. It is not a dye, but a delicately cooling and restorative tonic. By stimulating the follicles, it stops falling hair, cures dandruff and grows hair on bald spots.

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Electric Lights

On Meter System. TO CONSUMERS: The Salem Light and Power Company at great expense have equipped their Electric Light plant with the most modern apparatus and are now able to offer the public a better light than any system and at a rate lower than any city on the coast.

Arc and Incandescent Lighting. Electric Motors for all purposes where power is required.

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Hood's Cures

feel like a new man. I am working again and do not have any of my bad spells. I have a perfect cure. CHARLES M. LAVER, 850 West Market Street, York, Pa.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache, 25c.

THE SECOND DANCE.

"Who is that interesting Dr. Stein who was introduced to me before? How do you come to this acquisition? Irene? Baroness Elsie asked of Countess Irene Balfour, the young hostess, in the ballroom.

"It is very simple," replied the latter. "Dr. Stein is a mineralogist. He has been stopping down in the village for several days to take advantage of our quarry for the purpose of his researches. Papa became acquainted with him, and in consequence of his usual cordiality he has brought this baser mineral among our set of select precious stones."

"This plebeian pebble, however, seems to consider himself quite on a par with us. He was artless enough to ask me for a dance, the second quadrille—think of it!—to ask me when I promised the last extra a week ago!"

"Well, it seems he was not discouraged by one refusal. I, too, have just declined his invitation for the second quadrille. Besides, I did not save the dance to give it to this Dr. Stein!"

A very young ladies, all in dainty ball gowns, gathered about Irene and Elsie. It transpired to the amusement of them all that Dr. Stein had been refused the same second quadrille by each of them.

All declined on the same ground—that they would not squander such a dance on an uninteresting civilian without name or rank."

"What a deplorable contrast his appearance and that of the lieutenants of the cuirassiers and officers of the hussars in the ballroom! It would be ridiculous to dance with such a man."

"I call that loyalty," said Irene. "Bravo, girls! Now, my stepister is the only one left. There she sits, and I am really curious to know—Inez! Do come here! Did Dr. Stein ask you for the second quadrille?" she asked of the young lady approaching.

"Yes, just a moment ago."

"And you gave him the dance?"

"Yes—why shouldn't I?"

"Ah! I thought so. Then let me tell you that you are a great deal more than refused by us all for the same dance."

"So much the better that I still had the quadrille unengaged."

"You are indescribably artless, or at least you pretend to be so."

"If you purposely offended Dr. Stein, I am glad that I can make some amends. He is papa's guest, and I shall treat him as such."

"See! said Irene to Elsie, "she is just as unbearable all the time—so different from us."

Inez was the daughter of Count Balfour by his first marriage with a woman of limited means. The second time he married a countess of great wealth and the possessor of many estates.

Irene was the only child of this second marriage and the sole heiress of her mother. Inez's prospects of an inheritance from her father were not very brilliant, and consequently at four and twenty she was still unmarried in spite of her winning ways and extraordinary amount of common sense, which had soon influenced her to zealous activity.

She was at the head of the large household and took upon herself all the work, which her stepmother declined to do. Besides, she found time for deep study and intellectual work. The 18-year-old Irene, a charming, brilliant creature, was the spoiled darling of her mother and of society.

She tyrannized her father and the entire household. The countess had begun to make a match between him and Prince Yenlooh, a distant relative. She did not know him, but was sure he was extremely wealthy and very peculiar. Instead of enjoying life he was devoting himself to study and research, seeking his sole recreation in traveling around the world. Upon the advice of the countess he fell in with her plans, since, with his 35 years, it was high time to think of marrying, as he wrote to her.

The countess was expecting his arrival at Kumera castle in the near future with intense interest. She did not doubt that Irene, with her brilliant charms, would soon cure him of his peculiarities and change him to an enjoyable as well as an obedient husband.

laboring class objects to. We are the result. We are the light of the world. Dr. Stein smiled again.

"Up to this time I have found the higher race of men only in the workshops, there where it is necessary to apply the whole being to attain the goal—there, where it is imperative to overcome all encumbrances, all obstacles and threatening dangers, or to do much labor with patience and self-sacrifice for the benefit of the community, in the spirit of brotherly love or merely for the sake of truth. On a fox hunt, with oysters and champagne, or in a quadrille, the higher man has never manifested himself."

"You are partial, and you are a democrat," cried Irene in anger, forgetting herself.

"Labor belongs to the plebeian and the enjoyment of its fruits to the aristocrat. It has ever been thus. One cannot put a noble horse to the plow."

She turned her back on Dr. Stein and joined the ranks of the dancers. "Are you not dancing, countess?" Dr. Stein asked of Inez, whom he met finally after a long, vain search among the servants in the dining hall, where she was giving orders and directing the butler as to the wines for the table.

"I must stop at times to look after things," was the friendly reply. "One cannot always depend upon the servants."

"And you do not shun work?"

"No, indeed. I could not live without it. I am old enough to know the blessings of labor."

It was not long before the young lady and the scientist had entered upon a conversation which involved the deepest and gravest interests of life. The consciousness that they were of sympathetic dispositions, having the same goal, turned away from the trivialities of life, seeking the grand, the good and the true and accomplishing it with faithful labor, added a great charm to their interchange of ideas.

For the first time in her life Inez felt that she was being understood and appreciated in her best pursuits.

A deeply felt sympathy attracted her to the unassuming man whose noble, dignified opinions and firmness of character became more evident to her with every word, and who, with his intellectual superiority, showed so much modesty and liberality of judgment."

They went back to the ballroom, but always felt again in the intervals irresistibly drawn to each other and inextricably in their mutual ideas.

"That is just like Inez," said Irene angrily to Elsie, "to begin a flirtation with Dr. Stein. It is simply shocking!"

It was shortly before the second quadrille that Dr. Stein asked Inez to be his wife.

She was taken alone in an adjoining apartment, where they had gone to cool off and refresh themselves from the heat of the ballroom.

"I hope you will not look upon my proposal as too hasty," he said. "I know you as if I had always lived with you. For the last week, ever since my arrival at Kumera, I have taken notice of your doings, and I understand very well, however, that you ask for time to consider, as I am as yet a total stranger to you."

"I need no time to consider," said Inez, with radiant face. "The surroundings among which I have lived up to this time have always remained strange to me, but you seem like an old acquaintance. You are the friend whom I have always sought in vain."

"And do you not object to a plebeian name? Is the rank of a plebeian scientist not too low for you?"

"No. There is nothing in a name to me. I simply like the bearer whom I care for," smiled Inez.

Almost speechless with happiness, Dr. Stein clasped the young girl in his arms. "Beloved," said he, "pardon this little mystification. Dr. Stein is my pseudonym, with which I sign my scientific articles for publication. In private life I am Prince Yenlooh. I hope you will not object to that title either."

Inez looked up in surprise.

"No," she answered, "you will always remain the same to me."

In the first joy of their union they overheard footsteps at the door.

"Inez! Countess Balfour called sharply. 'How can you forget yourself to such an extent? What a scandal!'"

"Countess," the prince quickly interrupted, "you surprised two happy people. We ask your blessing. I have only to state that besides my title as scientist, under which I live in public, I have also the private name Yenlooh, with which, I believe, she counts as a normal name."



Mr. Chas. M. Laver

"Nerves Shattered"

Generally broken down; at times I would fall over with a touch of the vertigo; was not able to go any distance from the house. I was a miserable man. The day I commenced on my second bottle of Hood's Bile Beans, I began to feel better and I now

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